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THE  
PRINCE'S VISIT  

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DE CORDOVA







# THE PRINCE'S VISIT:

*A Humorous Description*

OF

THE TOUR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE  
PRINCE OF WALES,

THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN 1860.

BY

R. J. de CORDOVA.



ILLUSTRATED BY

STEPHENS, ROSENBERG, AND J. D. SMILLIE.



NEW YORK:

B. FRODSHAM, 548 BROADWAY.

1861.



## DEDICATION.

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### TO THE GENTLEMAN ROUND THE CORNER.

SIR:—

Had I the honor of your personal acquaintance, I should long since have called and left my card with you. Not possessing this privilege, I venture thus publicly to address you.

Many an eve and oft have I beheld you, seated directly in the centre of the hall in which I have been lecturing, intently listening to my observations. I have found you, night after night, in the same position, and repeating the same gestures of satisfaction, till a halo has seemed to surround your baldness, shining out upon me from among the multitude of other heads, like a star.

When my remarks have been serious, you have done me the favor to weep. Sir, I respect the extreme sensitiveness of your nature.

When my jokes have been poor, you have benevolently laughed a riotous laugh, in defiance of the silence of your less appreciative or more critical neighbors, and have even struck upon the floor with your gold-headed cane in solitary token of applause. Sir, I honor the keenness of your perception.

But when I have fortunately succeeded in provoking general





Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by

R. J. DE CORDOVA,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BAKER & GODWIN,

PRINTERS,

Printing-House Square, N. Y.

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mirth among the assembly, then,—ah! then, Sir, you have shaken your extensive sides, wagged the bald organ previously referred to, and otherwise deported yourself in a manner which, although intensely flattering to me, has frequently inspired me with serious apprehensions on the subject of your valuable health.

Such gratifying conduct, so persistently continued, evening after evening, has won my respect, my esteem, my confidence,—shall I say it?—my affection. Unhappily, I have never been able to satisfy my longing desire to ascertain your name; and my regrets on this point have not only kept me awake at night, but have even interfered with my general well-being, much to the secret pleasure but dubious profit of my physician. I have enquired severally of the Janitors of Clinton Hall, Hope Chapel, Irving Hall, and the Cooper Institute, and they all recognised you by my description, and knew you,—not by name, but as “the Gentleman Round the Corner.” In what direction lay that corner so flippantly alluded to, alas! they could not tell.

As “the Gentleman Round the Corner,” therefore, I now address you. Accept, Generous Man! Sensitive Heart! Lenient Critic! the dedication of this little book, as a tribute of grateful admiration. I solemnly assure you that I intend no unworthy sneer at your extreme obesity, when I breathe the humble prayer that your shadow may never be less. We shall, I fondly trust, meet again, (next autumn, in one or more of the public halls;)—and, until then, Excellent Unknown, believe me to remain,

With feelings of the highest consideration,

Your most obedient servant,

DE CORDOVA.

*New-York, April, 1861.*

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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THIS little work, which the newspapers of the various States have for the past six months been persistently designating a "Poem," is not presented to the public as possessing any great literary merit. Its production is due to a conjunction of circumstances, which may thus be briefly mentioned. As a humorous lecturer, I have known and suffered periodical fits of the most intense anxiety, on the subject of A SUBJECT, wherewith to amuse that eccentric animal, "the Good Public;" and I was sorely puzzled for one'such last autumn. It was possibly owing to the superabundance of instructive oratory throughout the year of the presidential election, that the popular taste rather favored the absurd;—I believe I may say that I am an absurd man;—and the PRINCE OF WALES visited America. Circumstances more favorable for the production of an entertainment suited to the humor of the hour, could scarcely have been found, and "THE PRINCE'S VISIT" was produced accordingly. Its success in most of the principal cities of the Union, North and

South, has been unequivocal, which is doubtless to be attributed more to the effect produced by the oral delivery of the rhymes, than to the intrinsic excellence of the "Poem." And it is now published by my enterprising friend FRODSHAM, who expects to make it yield a little more money to the author, and, as is usual in these cases, not a little to the publisher. I cordially wish him success in his praiseworthy enterprise, and a satisfactory fulfilment of his noble anticipations.

I cannot, however, allow "THE PRINCE'S VISIT" to go to press without mentioning to the reader, and especially to those enlightened foreigners who may be wise enough to purchase this book, that they must not accept *ad pedem literæ* all that is herein set down. The tour of the royal party through the United States has been correctly traced, as far as the geography of His Highness's progress is concerned; but, of course, every conversation here reported is purely imaginary. His Grace, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, is known to be one of the most polished and dignified of men,—and, as a natural consequence, the idea of fastening Yankee phrases upon that distinguished nobleman offered itself to my mind, and was immediately adopted. In like manner, the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, who is said to be a worthy gentleman, and fully equal to the pleasant task which devolved upon him in the reception of the royal guest, is presented in a ludicrous light, in pursuance of a very excusable desire to return to the Quaker town aforesaid some of those

little civilities which she is in the habit of occasionally paying to New-York. And similar instances occur in various pages of "THE PRINCE'S VISIT."

On this side of the water all such little absurdities will at once be recognised and understood, and nowhere more readily than in the cities which are thus innocently trifled with. Abroad, however, this explanation may be needful.

It will scarcely be necessary to add, that care has been taken to say nothing that can seriously offend any one, or show the smallest want of respect to the distinguished guest of the nation, or to the noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied His Royal Highness to this country.

Notes have been appended to explain the quaint expressions current here, but generally unknown abroad, which are put into the mouth of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

My modesty will not permit me to lay claim to any extravagant praise for the unexampled daring with which I have made "Niagara" rhyme with "staggerer," "spasm" with "enthusiasm," "queer" with "idea," "talk" with "York," "parcel" with "Newcastle," &c., and taken other similar liberties which even Shakspeare never attempted. I shall be silent on this point, and leave Posterity to do me justice.

*New-York, April, 1861.*



## INTRODUCTION.



Sound the trumpets! Beat the drums!  
The Princely Heir of England comes!

Years of hateful anger past,  
A softer feeling rules at last;  
And GEORGE's great grandson shall find  
A greeting warm, a welcome kind.  
Write the letters! Sweep the halls!  
Erect the arches! Deck the walls!  
Charge all the guns! Subscribe for *balls*!  
Polish the engines! Clean the hose!  
Pipe-clay the belts for soldiers' clothes!  
Burnish the bayonets! Buy new dresses!  
Drill the children! Write addresses!



Let the Common Council all  
Beflag and deck the City Hall!  
Hang out the banners! Light the groves!  
Hire coaches! Purchase gloves!<sup>1</sup>  
Adjourn the Courts! Postpone the Sessions!  
Buy Roman candles! Form processions!  
For hark, the trumpets! hark, the drums!  
The Princely Heir of England comes!

## PART I.

### NEWFOUNDLAND TO NEW YORK.



Already the tidings have flashed o'er the land.  
The Nobs of Cape Breton have shaken his hand ;  
The Prince Edward's people have met him with awe ;  
The Chief of Newfoundland extended a paw ;  
The loyal Blue-noses a welcome have blown ,  
To greet ALBERT EDWARD and claim him their own,—  
Since, surely, they have the best right to adore him,  
As having received his grandfather before him. '

And as for the Canadas ! Loyalty's run  
Into madness almost for VICTORIA's son.  
They have shown him the wonders of water and land,  
And shot him down lumber-shoots awful and grand ;

They have dined him, and wined him, in manner most  
royal,

Addressed and harangued him to prove they were loyal.

They have bored him in parks, and they've bored him in  
halls;

Danced him almost to death in no end of balls.

They have bored him in colleges, bored him in schools;

Convinced him that Orange fanatics are fools. '

Torn his bed-clothes to strips,—every fool keeping one,

To remember the linen the PRINCE slept upon.

They have stolen his gloves, and purloined his cravat;

Even scraped a souvenir from the nap of his hat.

In short, they have followed him, hustled and shoved him,

To convince him more fully how dearly they loved him.

Each snob with a present, done up in a parcel,

To the lively disgust of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

They've "received" him at church, in magnificent state,

The Bishop and Clergy—all solemn, sedate,

With a farce only played on this single occasion,—

Forming a clerico-comic procession,

To show him his pew, with the utmost urbanity,

Ere they read him the Collect denouncing all vanity.

And the pew, as a matter of course, was hung  
With most solemn of frippery, solemnly strung ;  
Surmounted, I need scarcely say, by a crown ;—  
But so tenderly poised, that the DUKE, with a frown,  
Sat the service out in a reverie brown,  
Looking up, as expecting the thing to come down.  
Tho' 't would not have hurt much had it come to ground ;  
Since a crown is, you know, but one fourth of a pound.

So they rode him and boated him, church'd him and  
speech'd him,  
Feasted him, toasted him, ball'd him, and preach'd him ;  
And, wishing all possible honor to do him,  
Made him review them, that they might review him.

While, to make matters worse, and in full execution  
Of the plan which had doomed him to dread persecution,  
The New-York Reporters all "followed him round,"  
Held him always in sight, and forever in sound,  
To keep Mr. BENNETT religiously posted \*  
As to what the PRINCE said when his mother was toasted,  
And to let us, benighted republicans, know  
Where His Highness had gone or intended to go ;

How he looked when he danced—when he sat at his ease—  
When His Highness had sneezed, or was going to sneeze;  
Whether he smiled, or whether he laughed;  
All recorded, and morning and night telegraphed,  
To the end that New-York might reliably know  
What his dear little Princeship had done or would do.  
Till, at length, when routine had most thoroughly tired him,  
It struck him that Canada no longer required him.

Now, he'd had no end of polite invitations\*  
To visit the land of his Yankee relations.  
In New-York, what a business the PRINCE to invite!  
How Fifth-Avenue ladies and gentlemen write  
To offer their mansions and all they contain,  
If the PRINCE, condescendingly, only will deign  
To take up his lodgings in such or such street,  
In the "brown-stone fronts" that they cast at his feet.

Every hotel-keeper is doing his best,  
With the most exemplary unction and zest,  
To astonish the town  
And the Heir to the crown,  
By turning his hostelry upside down,

In order to furnish a right royal nest  
For the PRINCE, who, he hopes, will become his good guest.

What if 't is but one day?

'T will be certain to pay

The favor'd hotel

Most amazingly well.

For where is the man who will not have adored  
The room where a *real* Prince has slumbered and snored?

So every landlord puts in his plea,

Trusting the fortunate landlord to be.

Each house has a special ambassador sent,

To see if the PRINCE will be pleased to consent

To take princely quarters, for right princely pay,

At such a hotel, when he travels this way.

And I hear, from a source which I may not repeat,

That a messenger went, His Highness to meet,

On behalf of the Rainbow, in Beekman Street.

But the oddest invite, most strange and most singular,

Was the one that was sent from the far-famed Spingular;

A kind of a secular nunnery, where

An A\*b\*t so sleek holds the principal chair;

Who vented his great hospitality's vapors

In a puffing essay on his school in the papers.

In that letter he made a most bumptious display  
Of a "Ladies' Academy" he kept on Broadway,  
On principles noble, exalted, and grand ;  
A College wherein he instructed a band  
Of wealthy young ladies to well understand  
That they were the highest and best in the land ;  
And, with logic enough most logicians to bother,  
He proved, from the fact that the PRINCE had a mother,  
That no house in New-York, if reason might rule,  
Would so fitly receive the young man as a school.

With these missives and cards the youth was so bored,  
So completely, indeed, was His Highness floored  
With this gushing and multiplied accumulation  
Of every description of kind invitation,  
That he turned to the DUKE: "What is here to be done?  
Which one shall I choose?" Said the DUKE, "Nary  
one." <sup>10</sup>

"I dare say," said the PRINCE, "such a course would be  
best ;  
For, if we accept one, refusing the rest,  
No doubt all will say we were wrong to receive it."  
Said the DUKE, with a nod, "You had better believe it." <sup>11</sup>

He therefore resolved, as JENKINS relates,  
To judge for himself of the state of the States.  
What judgment he has, I of course cannot say ;  
But, in view of his taking one city per day,  
'T would scarcely be found of much use denying,  
If he judged us at all, that he judged us flying.  
However, the QUEEN had decided to send  
A very short note to her very "good friend,"<sup>11</sup>  
To tell him the PRINCE had a strong inclination  
To accept the kind PRESIDENT'S warm invitation ;  
And would certainly do so, the better to learn  
The manner and style of that people stern,  
Whose disloyal and troublesome ancestors rather  
Had grossly insulted his great grandfather ;  
And how that, the better to form his opinions,  
His Highness, on leaving his mother's dominions,  
Should drop every princely, imperial form,<sup>12</sup>  
And submit to the rude and untitled reform  
Of the land where each man is, in spirit and letter,  
As good as the next,—and a precious deal better.  
He should study the States thro' no titular fog,  
But should drop all display and come here *incog*.

Now, at first, this created a huge sensation  
Throughout the whole length and breadth of the nation.



They besieged the Chief Magistrate, anxious to know  
What the meaning was of this very strange go.  
Enquiring Officials and Congressmen thronged to him :  
“ Would not the PRINCE come with the name that belonged  
to him ? ”

They wrote puzzling cons to the Sunday Press,  
To ask what it meant : “ Was there no redress ? ”  
And urgently begging for early replies ;  
“ Was it right that a Prince should come here in disguise ?  
It is seldom we have a real Prince, Lord knows !  
And now that he's coming, who'd ever suppose  
That he'd come in some other young gentleman's clothes ?  
Who wants to see Barons ? They're plenty enough ; ”  
Like Counts, and that sort of stale emigrant stuff ;  
But a Prince is ‘ a thing we don't see every day , ’  
And we'd rather not see him than see him half way . ”

His Highness, however, not troubling his head  
About what the newspapers fancied and said,  
Concerning the title he'd chosen to take,  
His tour without fuss or confusion to make,  
Wrote MR. BUCHANAN politely to say  
He would dine at the White House on such a day ;  
And, packing his stars and his garters fine,  
He made a bold dash, and—he crossed the line :

Little dreaming what sort of a genuine staggerer  
Would confront him as soon as he reached Niagara.

For there was a crowd of a thousand or so,  
Looking up at a strange and remarkable show.

"Hollo!" cried the DUKE, as they rode along,  
"I'm afraid that some chap's been committing a wrong;  
For across the falls a rope has been slung,  
And I rather believe there's a man to be hung."

"But why," asked the PRINCE, looking up in the air,  
"But why should they hang the poor fellow up there?"

"Well, Your Highness," the DUKE said, in tone most grave,  
"I suppose, in the States, 'it's a way that they have';  
And, if you'll observe, it's an excellent plan,  
For, as soon as they've thoroughly hung the man,  
They complete the course of the legal slaughter,  
By cutting the rope in the proper quarter,  
And letting the culprit fall into the water."

"A good idea," said the PRINCE, "no doubt;  
But how in the world do they fish him out?"

"That's why," said the DUKE, "they allow him to fall;  
They don't trouble themselves to fish him at all."

"True!" answer'd the PRINCE. "But another con:  
How in the world do they sling him on?"

"Egad!" said the DUKE, "a wise retort!  
You've got me there, where my hair is short;"  
But I dare say they carry out that intention  
By some bran-new patent Yankee invention,—  
After the style of their rat-killing dart,  
Which catches the animal right through the heart,  
And kills him completely, as rapid as thought,  
If he only will come to the hole to be caught."

Thus discoursing, and carelessly looking about,  
One of the party saw BLONDIN come out."

"And now, who may he be?" His Highness cried.

"I've no doubt that's Jack Ketch," my Lord DUKE replied.

"But Jack Ketch doesn't dress in that sort of style,"  
The PRINCE remark'd, with a princely smile :

"I've seen, ere now, a great number of sights,  
But never a hangman dressed out in tights,  
All spangled, and sporting a head of curl'd hair,  
Like an acrobat clown at old Bartlemy Fair."

"That's true," said the DUKE. "Gad! upon my soul,  
I believe he's an angler. Look at his pole!"

"But I ne'er saw a fisherman half so bold,  
And he'll catch nothing there but a frightful cold."

"But, hollo!" said the DUKE, with another glance,—  
"By Jove! the fellow's beginning to dance."

And the PRINCE stood amazed, and held his breath,  
To see the mad fool making sport with death.  
And one of the humbler attendants said—  
While his hair fairly lifted the hat from his head—  
"My hi! if hever I see sich a go!  
He can't do it; it can't be expected, you know;  
He'll certainly falter on *one* of his legs,  
And kill hisself dead, sure as heggs is heggs."

But BLONDIN went over, and BLONDIN came back;  
Did it over again with his feet in a sack;

And offered, by letter, in white and black,  
To do it once more, with the PRINCE on his back.  
But the DUKE, in the gravest alarm, set his face  
Against BLONDIN's back, and took steps apace  
To quit, at short notice, so dangerous a place.

"They're a curious people," the DUKE observed ;  
" A trifle shy, and a little reserved ;  
But, whatever they take in their heads to do,  
They are bound in a hurry to carry it through,  
In spite of the President, Kaiser, or Pope.  
They will not resolve, let us fondly hope,  
That you *shall* travel pick-a-back over the rope ;  
But if once they make up their minds to the trick,  
They'll be certain to do it through thin and through thick ;  
And, unless Your Highness has safely eloped,  
You may look on yourself as a Highness roped."

So the PRINCE wrote, in answer, that, danger aside,  
He did not approve of that kind of ride.  
The rope *might* be strong—but, apart from the trouble,  
He had much stronger doubts if 't would carry them double.  
He could not at that time prolong his stay ;  
But if ever he chanced to return that way,

He'd be glad to receive Mr. BLONDIN's calls,  
And see the Professor repeat his Falls.  
And enclosing a cheque, in his letter of thanks,  
On one of the South Carolina Banks, <sup>17</sup>  
Tore himself away from the festive halls  
Where he danced one night at Niagara Falls.

Then one endless ovation awaited the boy  
Who is Old England's hope and VICTORIA's joy.  
At Hamilton, Windsor, and then at Detroit,  
The people were everywhere ready to go it  
To the fullest extent of exciting delight.  
At Detroit, where His Highness arrived at night,  
They illumined the stream with such blaze of light  
That the fish, in alarm, made a rush for the sea, <sup>18</sup>  
As affrighted as Michigan fishes could be.

Then on to Chicago, where—says the narrator,  
Who wrote for “*The Hoboken True Indicator*”—<sup>19</sup>  
The PRINCE went to look at a Grain Elevator.  
A ponderous pile—an enormous affair—  
With hundreds of buckets, all solid and square,  
On an unending chain, running up in the air ;

As steady as clock-work, and wondrously fleet,  
All laden with plump new Western wheat.  
Said the noble DUKE, with his smile so sweet,  
" 'Tis a great contrivance, and 'hard to beat.' " 20

Then away to the prairies, with dog and gun,  
To shoot prairie-hens and enjoy the fun  
Of having a jolly good prairie run,  
And eating his game fresh but underdone,  
While bronzing his face with our September sun.  
But, what is of greater importance yet,  
The frolic enabled these English to get  
Some little conception, and, what was best,  
Some personal knowledge—worth all the rest—  
Of what people mean when they say "*the Great West.*"  
A subject, I fear, not too well understood  
By writers who come here for personal good,  
With pens of brass, and with heads of wood,  
And ink of gall—a dangerous brood—  
To describe our manners from what they hear  
In seaport drinking shops here and there.  
The Great West, with its wells of boiling oil;  
Its teeming, friendly, prolific soil;  
Its prairies boundless, its forests tall;  
Broad acres, offering homes for all.

Says WENTWORTH, (LONG JOHN,) to the DUKE by his side, "  
"How long do you think it would take to ride,  
On an engine that never its speed abates,  
Across these mighty United States,  
From Atlantic New-York to the Golden Gate  
On the great Pacific, and destined by fate  
To be one of the first, though she came in late?"

The DUKE said nothing, but nodded his head,—  
Which meant very much more than His Grace could have  
said.

"It's a wonderful country, my Lord, this is."  
And the DUKE replied, "Well, I guess it is." "  
And he said no more; but he thought a good deal:  
And what he was thinking of made him feel  
Ashamed that Great Britain was so very small;—  
Proud that, spite of her size, she was greater than all  
To be found on that side of the water, at least;  
While on this—until popular liberty ceased—  
No matter how far these great States might extend,  
It was England's best privilege still to depend  
On her giant young rival, but no less her friend.

But away to St. Louis—Mound City she's called—  
Where again and of course His Highness was "balled,"



And treated once more to a popular spasm  
Of wild and spontaneous enthusiasm ;  
Where he witnessed a race and attended a fair,  
And saw how they managed those matters out there.  
Then when he and the DUKE had performed their parts  
To open the Western School of Arts,  
And received a great farewell serenade,  
Which the Western Fire Department made,  
They took special train, or it took them, at least,  
To Cincinnati, en route for the East.  
There a ball, a supper, a crush, and the like,  
Took place in the Opera House of PIKE ;  
And the party was treated, besides, they say,  
To a firemen's brilliant torch-light display.

It was here that a certain ambitious Official  
Catechised the DUKE in manner judicial.  
"Cincinnati, my Lord, is marked out by the fates  
As the greatest of cities in all of the States.  
Has Your Grace, in your wanderings, happen'd to see  
Such a city as this one is—destined to be?"  
And the DUKE replied, a trifle incensed,  
"It will be a great place when it comes to be fenc'd." "

Then to Pittsburg, famous for coal and coke,  
Where you can't see the houses because of the smoke;  
Then to Harrisburg City, where, says the report,  
An Irishman—one of the genuine sort—  
Believing that courtesy could not express  
That he loved the PRINCE more or Old Ireland less,  
Lent His Highness a team of fine thorough-bred grays  
For the time that he stayed there—a couple of days.

Now on to the Capital, passing a score  
Of hundreds who waited three hours and more  
To greet him while passing through old Baltimore.  
And then, when the journey was happily done,  
And the PRINCE and his suite were at Washington,  
'T was delightful to see Mr. General CASS  
Bringing things to so fearfully pleasant a pass  
As to chain up his rage, like a male Zenobia,  
And, repressing his notorious Anglophobia, "  
A welcome sincere to His Highness extend,  
In the PRESIDENT's name—the QUEEN's "good friend;"  
Who behaved, we must own, like a Prince, in his way,  
To the PRINCE and the DUKE; though people *do* say  
It was precious dull work for all parties concerned,—  
So much etiquette ruled ;—and etiquette turned

All that should have been cheerful, and friendly, and gay,  
Into stupid routine, reproduced every day.

And the reason was plain: Mr. B. had so tarried  
To make up his mind, that he never got married;  
And the consequence was, when, according to use,  
He bethought him his "family" to introduce,  
Its principal member, the wife, was not;  
Two nephews and one niece comprised all the lot.  
When a ball was proposed, that singular man,  
Exercising his privilege, vetoed the plan.  
And no wonder,—the motive is clear at a glance:  
The "old public functionary" had not learned to dance;"  
So, giving a dinner of state instead,  
He dined the young PRINCE and went off to bed.

But a grateful duty awaited the son  
Of haughty old England at Washington;  
A privilege graceful, and well performed,  
Which showed how two nations had greatly reformed  
The feelings that formerly rankled in hate,  
Now frankly removed, though removed so late.  
The boy paid a visit of love to the tomb  
Of the patriot noble and great, of whom

Such bitter and wrongful things had been said  
By old grandfather GEORGE,—like him long dead.  
Now that years had passed, and passion had fled,  
THE SON OF THE QUEEN HAD COME OVER THE WAVE  
AND PLANTED A TREE UPON WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

Now I'm not superstitious ; have no faith in ghosts ;  
Don't believe in the rappings of angelic hosts ;  
But that WASHINGTON's spirit was there to receive  
This offering of peace, I am free to believe ;  
And I know, if it witnessed the scene by that grave,  
That the soul of the great man forgot and forgave.  
“Of evil repented, the angels are glad !”  
Says WASHINGTON's spirit, and blesses the lad.

But we must not be solemn ; we read this to laugh :  
Let us rather record how a fine photograph  
Of WASHINGTON's homestead, with frame ornamented,  
And note, also well-framed, were duly presented,  
By Philp & Solomons, of Washington, D. C.,  
(Publishers at the Capital, between you and me,—  
Wherefore “Capital Publishers” they're stated to be ;  
And I'm sure I don't envy these parties their pains,  
If they're called on to furnish all Congress with brains.)

So the PRINCE wrote a line, his delight to confess,  
And started for Richmond by special express.  
Now the point as to how he was there received,  
Depends on the question, who should be believed ?  
One reporter declares he was cheerfully greeted,  
The other asserts he was shamefully treated ; "  
And the truth, between both, is so hard to find out,  
We had better, perhaps, leave the matter in doubt.

Then, once more on to Baltimore, where again  
The people awaited the express train,  
And received the PRINCE without needless form,  
But with real Southern welcome, sincere and warm,  
In the city renowned for historic events,  
And for beautiful women and monuments.

Then, of course, the next, most important, move,  
Was to visit the great manufacturing town—  
The right-angled city of Quaker renown—  
Where iron and steam do each other up brown ;  
The city renowned, all others above,  
For red brick and hard coal and true brotherly love.

They reached Philadelphia, the papers say,  
At noon on a State election day.

An upholstering city they thought it at first ;  
Though they afterwards learned that the people, at worst,  
Were engaged in a task which, in this special case,  
Was but putting a CURTIN up in a very high place."  
Yet they warmly received the young PRINCE for all that,  
And showed him the city so square and so flat,  
Yet so pretty ; so mantua-maker-like ;  
So handsome and rich, yet so Quaker-like.

And the Mayor of Philamadelphia came—"A  
A curious man with a curious name—  
In a hackney carriage, the party to meet,  
And the PRINCE in the name of the city to greet ;  
(*They say* that he did it just off of the street ;)  
With a fearful harangue, a mile or two long,  
Which he spoke as though he were singing a song ;  
And happily having delivered the same,  
He turned to the law-clerk, who with him came :  
"Shall I offer to shake His Highness's hands?"  
"Why, of course," said the clerk ; "don't you see that  
he stands  
With palm extended, as though to be shaken,  
Ere he and his suite can be properly taken

To our great hotel, with facade ornamental,  
And grandiose title, the superb 'Continental?'  
And say something witty, and pretty, and neat,  
To puff up the city and Chesnut Street.  
Do them up brown, now, and don't be a muff;  
I'm sure they both want a word badly enough."

"But how shall I do it? May all the saints serve us!"  
(The Mayor was beginning, you see, to be nervous;  
'T was no task to deliver the written oration,  
But now he'd to draw on his imagination.)

"Ah! true," said the Mayor, "very true—very true!  
And how does Your Highness do—that is—yes—do?  
Fine day; though it rained last night—last night;  
But I hope Your Highness is all right—all right.  
We've an election here—I mean to say  
We've an election here to-day—to-day.  
No guns to fire—no bells to ring;  
Election—ballot-box—that sort of thing.  
Hope you'll excuse us: we made, I declare,  
Rather a botch of that last affair;  
Not used to matters like these—like these—  
And bungled the—what do you call?—Japanese!"

Though even in that, if you come to talk,  
Our show was much finer than that of New-York.  
In short, Sir, the fact will be clear to you,  
That this is the much better place of the two.  
New-York, Sir—Your Majesty—Highness I mean—  
Is a village pretentious, immoral, unclean ;  
New-York, in a word, excites nothing but pity,  
While Philamadelphia, as you see, *is* a city ;  
Whose glory is not based on mere numeration  
Of such trifling nonsense as bare population.  
She measures her greatness in numerals round  
By the roods she takes up of the brick-paved ground.  
Our houses, it may be, are squat, small, and square,  
But we don't encourage no brown stone here."

(The fist of the clerk came down like a hammer  
On the back of the Mayor: "Take care of your grammar!")

"We are all red brick here, men and houses together ;  
We stick to prunello and don't care for leather.  
*We* don't crowd *our* thoroughfares, block up *our* slips ;  
*We* don't fill *our* river with too many ships.  
We've no Broadway here, too crowded to walk in,  
And much too noisy to venture to talk in.



But we'll show you, Sir, where *our grand monde* meet,  
On the beautiful sidewalks of Chesnut Street,  
Which the finest promenade in the world stands confess'd ;  
Where three men and one boy may travel abreast,  
With space besides for a tortoise-shell cat,  
And abundance of room to swing him, at that.  
In short," said the Mayor, who so oft had been twitched  
By the clerk that he thought his coat had been hitched  
In the door of the hack, but discovered at last  
That his time for speaking had long since past,  
"In short, Philadelphia, Your Highness, must rank,  
In virtue of having once fathered the crank  
And very unstable old National Bank,  
As of all this great Union's cities the first,  
While undoubtedly New-York is plainly the worst.  
We may look slightly small and remarkably flat,  
But this *is* the metropolis, Sir, for all that,—  
And I trust you'll at once recognize us as such."

"Oh! of course," said the DUKE, with a chuckle; "yes—  
much!" "

But, joking aside, we must certainly own,  
Now that the thing is concluded and done,

That, taking in charitable consideration  
The excusable, natural, nervous flustration,  
Which must have been caused by so grave an event  
In a place sorely puzzled to know what it meant—  
In a village where even the slightest excitement  
Is regarded as matter for fearful affrightment—  
In respect to reception, procession and ball,  
The inevitable show of Independence Hall,  
With the few public buildings which made up the rest,  
Dear little Philamy acted her best;  
And the PRINCE, though he'd seen, when he bade them  
good-by,  
That they rated their village a trifle too high,  
Was very much pleased with the place,—for 't was clear,  
If ability faltered, the intention was there.

For they showed him the College of world-renowned fame,  
Known all over the earth by its good Founder's name,—  
The name that is first in the city's regard,  
The time-honored, reverenc'd name of GIRARD.<sup>21</sup>  
They showed him the Schuylkill, whose waters so clear  
Were described by TOM MOORE when he gossip'd from here.  
And all met the PRINCE in that whole-souled way  
Which made him regret, when he went away,  
That he could not a month more prolong his stay.

But Princes are men in spite of their state,  
And men are but creatures of rigorous fate,  
And fate didn't care what the PRINCE liked to do,—  
His time was expended, His Highness must go ;  
So, packing his manifold baggage anew,  
He bade a reluctant but grateful adieu  
To the opulent city of FRANKLIN and FITCH,  
And PENN or PTOLEMY—the Lord knows which.

"A good man, and clever," said the DUKE in the ear  
Of the PRINCE, when he bade a farewell to the Mayor ;  
"His manner is honest and pleases me well ;  
I've no doubt, if he tried, *he* could keep a hotel." "

And now, for the PRINCE, came the critical hour ;  
He must pass through the land of an alien power,—"  
A power not yet recognized by the nations,  
Where England had no diplomatic relations.  
But while in Philadelphia the party had stayed,  
The arrangements had all been most cautiously made ;  
The United States Consul at Camden, forearmed,  
Had resolved that His Highness should travel unharmed,  
And without any trouble his course to annoy,  
Through the length of New Jersey, as far as Amboy.

And precaution was needful: on the preceding day  
The Jersey newspapers had ventured to say,

From Camden we hear  
That a Prince from somewhere  
Is expected down there,—  
Being likely to come,  
On the way to his home.  
He has been through the States,  
Our informant relates;  
Who cannot declare  
When this Prince *will* be here;  
But he and his band  
Are to pass through our land,  
And so forth, and so forth,  
On their way to the North.

It happily chances however to be  
The rule, in New Jersey, to tarry and see  
What will happen to-morrow,—and never to go  
And look after a fact you desire to know.  
So the Jerseyites waited fresh tidings to hear,  
As to when the PRINCE might be looked for down there.  
And they waited so long, and they waited so well,  
It was only last week that the papers could tell

Their readers the fact that, on such a day,  
The PRINCE and his suite had come through that way ;—  
Which indeed he did without any delay,—  
And, attired in citizen's costume plain,  
Embark'd for New-York in the *Harriet Lane*,  
Where we'll leave him awhile to the fortunate lot  
Of a long conversation with General Scott,  
(Whom he liked so well he regretted to leave him,)  
While we see how Broadway was prepared to receive him.

## PART II.

### NEW-YORK AND UNTIL THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME.



Per programme, which the newspapers publish anew,  
The PRINCE is to be here precisely at two ;  
Though, in view of the fact that he has to go  
By the Camden and Amboy line so slow,  
Many doubts are expressed if His Highness can be  
At the Battery pier before half past three.

Yet the people in various groups combine  
To block up the door-steps by half-past nine.  
By ten, the crowd is beginning to grow  
To a couple of hundred thousand or so ;  
The stages are ordered away from the street,  
And the stones echo nothing but human feet.

By eleven, the sidewalk so closely is packed  
With a perfect mobocracy, cleverly stacked,  
That busy Broadway might in verity seem  
One vast human sausage, parboiling in steam.

The windows are thronged  
As though they belonged  
To a gaudy tide  
That lived outside,  
And weather defied,  
But took it a pride  
To be espied  
By a Prince on his ride.

At length it is mid-day, or thereabout,  
And then—the tremendous police come out ;  
And all that was peaceful and tranquil before,  
Is turned to confusion sad and sore,—  
The unquiet policemen beginning to hustle  
The crowd with unseemly confusion and bustle.

“ Now, come, you ! get out of that.”

“ Who ? me ? get out of what ?”

“ Stand back, I say, or by jingo I'll make you !”

“ What am I doing ? Confusion take you !”

“For the last time to-day, get out of the way,  
Or you’ll dearly pay if you disobey.”

“The deuce, you say !  
It’s all very well  
A fellow to tell,  
In such a pack,  
That he must fall back,  
When there’s no place at all  
Where a man *can* fall  
In the midst of such crowds,  
Unless he fell upwards and dropp’d in the clouds.”

Then an Irishman’s voice,  
In language choice,  
Her alarm to arouse,  
Demands of his spouse,  
In accents wild,  
“Oh, Biddy, acushla ! *where’s* the child ?”

And the woman replies,  
Without turning her eyes,  
“Where did he go ?  
How should I know ?



But he must be here,  
I suppose, somewhere."

Then the father, unable his trouble to smother :  
"Oh! worra he's gone!  
Och, hone! och, hone!  
Joseph, my jewel, where are you gone?"

To whom, in confident tones, the mother :  
"Och! let him alone ;  
He'll be sure to come  
In good time to his home.  
It's a long time since  
I seen a Prince ;  
And av the spalpeen  
Has been so green  
As to go asthray  
Along Broadway,  
He'll just have to remain  
Till he comes back again ;  
For if we was to go  
To git our Joe  
His stips to retrace,  
We should lose our place,  
And divil a word should we see of the show."

"Mein Cott! Mein Cott!

You petter not

Shtand up so

On de dop my doe.

I cot four, fife corns,

So pig ash horns.

Just you keep you foots

Inshide you own poots,

Or, I gif you my vord,

You never haf heard

De row dat I make,

Till de conshtable take

You and lock you up

In de lock-up shop."

"Ollo, young hooman!

You're a rum 'un;

If you're out o' your mind

You'd better go find

A place in some mad 'ouse, where never a crowd

Ain't not by no manner of means allowed.

But vile you *are* here, it

Vill be best to bear it

In mind that my pride  
Von't never abide  
A young hooman's helbows a punchin' my side.  
Here! what are you about?  
You're hawful stout,  
And you're crowdin' me out  
Over the gentleman here in front;  
If you're not very deaf you may hear him grunt,  
And I'm rather afeard that he's troubled with gout."

"Sacré tonnerre!  
You villain, sare,  
You shall beware!  
It is my femme  
Is not to blam.  
If Monsieur have got ze gout,  
He do very wrong zat he come out;  
But, sare, I don't care;  
Is not my affair."

"Hollo, little Froggy! none of your squibs;  
Let your wife keep her helbows out my ribs."

"Monsieur Jean Bull,  
You big fool!"

My wife stand here pon her ease ;  
She put her elbow vere she please."

"But, you stupid blackguard,  
Your wife's helbows are 'ard."

"Again, I don't care ;  
Zat's not *your* affair.

What's zat to me ?

Ze country is free. "

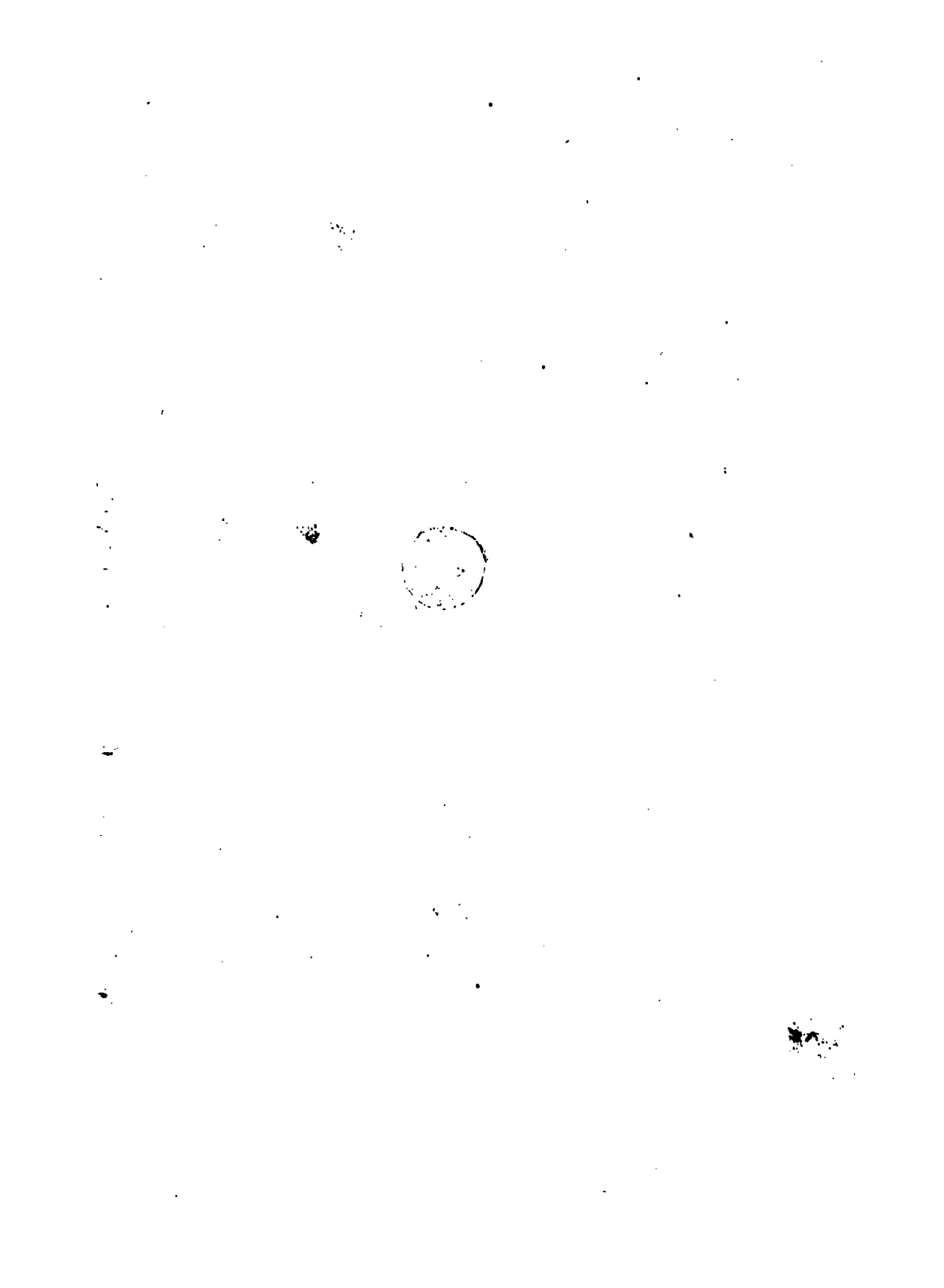
You keep you ribs, if you don't want strife,  
Out of ze elbow of my wife."

Such prattle as this, both coarse and fine,  
Runs loosely along the whole length of the line ;  
Which by two o'clock becomes so dense,  
The patient crowd is now so immense,  
That it seems that nought but a shower of rain  
Can ever get Broadway clear again.

And a mounted policeman solemnly rides  
Up and down each gutter, to flatten the sides  
Of the human mass, as a plasterer might,  
Had the people been sticks,  
Or piles of bricks,  
That had come to Broadway to see the sight.

So each side of the street is a human wall,  
Running firmly across the crossings and all;  
And every one waits; when,—taken aback,—  
The disgusted police find *a dog in the track!*  
A dog of a kind that you seldom see,—  
The dog of a certain foreign M. D.  
Now it needs no argument here to maintain  
That clearly the Doctor's dog may not remain;  
“The street must be kept clear of every obstruction;”  
The orders admitted no other construction.  
Yet a dignified light of the drug profession  
Had got his big dog in before the procession.  
And the poor policemen are running about  
To endeavor to get the huge animal out;  
But this, as the police are clearly aware,  
Is not to be done short of Madison Square.  
And here was the dog, never ceasing to bark,  
Up and down between Anthony Street and the Park.

Their means were few and their hopes were fewer,—  
The dog was too big to squeeze into the sewer;  
The street was full, all the crossings were blocked,  
And all the front doors of the shops were locked;  
The second-floor windows were full of the fair;  
You never could hurl the great brute up there;





*A squad of policemen, quite pale in the face,  
Were deputised to manage this new dog, & save*







And 't was no use to cast him up into the air—  
He'd be sure to come down,—for what did *he* care?  
There was nothing in prospect but Madison Square.  
So a squad of policemen, quite red in the face,  
Were deputed to manage this new dog chase,  
'Mid the jeers and the shouts and the laughter loud  
Of the greatly delighted, applauding crowd.

But hark ! there are guns and cheering below,  
Distant at first, and faint and low,  
But gathering strength as the boat draws near.  
“It is three o'clock ; when *will* he be here ?”  
Asks the feminine voice of a female slender  
Of the gent at her side, in accents tender.  
“Well, not before four,” her lover replies ;  
“He has to hear speeches, portentous and wise,  
With which Messrs. SANDFORD and WOOD will bore him,”  
And read, in reply, what the DUKE writes for him ;—  
Besides, if the papers are right, I suppose  
It will take him some time to get into his clothes.”

“To get into his clothes ? Why you don't mean to say,  
Though the weather *is* warm on this very fine day,  
That a Prince would presume to come here all this way

Without any"——"Oh, no! You misapprehend.  
The papers announce that the party intend  
To wait till the PRINCE has *exchanged* his attire  
For the surcoat of scarlet with bullion wire,  
Which marks, as is shown in the tailors' cards,  
The rank of a colonel of Grenadier Guards."

But bang! goes the cannon, and bang! again, louder;  
We can see the blue smoke from the burnt-up gunpowder;  
And a terrible shout goes up from the crowd,  
A shout that is earnest and hearty and loud,—  
A shout, never echoed before nor since,  
Goes up in Broadway: "The PRINCE! The PRINCE!"

For there in the distance dimly is seen,  
Filing into Broadway from the Bowling Green,  
A gallant escort, and in front of the band  
A single horseman, with truncheon in hand,  
Just as in pictures of old we see  
A noble Prince as a Prince should be;  
And far up Broadway the shouts extend,  
Along the whole street, from end to end.

But strange tho' it may be, 't is very clear  
That the cheering stops as the troop draws near,

And the populace, too uncivil by half,  
Change the welcome cries to a hearty laugh :  
For the band is a troop, not of war, but of peace ;—  
'Tis a squad, in short, of the new police.  
And the person in front receives the hints  
Of the crowd that he's not in the least like a Prince.  
In fact, it is Superintendent JONES,  
On a horse, and praying the saints for his bones.

And how they ride ! oh, me ! how they ride !  
Each man with his toes in the next horse's side ;  
And their elbows akimbo, as wanting to see  
How much like a goose a policeman can be.  
With shoulders well bent to soften the pace,  
And anguish depicted on every face,  
Which by turns is pale and exceedingly red,  
As it finds itself over the animal's head,  
They bump, as the horses are jogging along,  
As though to proclaim that if they belong  
To the regular cavalry force, that same  
Is more than they know or pretend to claim.

But, by this time, the "Simon Pure" PRINCE has stood  
Before the municipal chief, Mayor WOOD,

Who has had the good sense, if never before,  
 To speak what was needful, and say nothing more.  
 His remarks, indeed, to be aptly translated,  
 Might thus, in a word, be with brevity stated :

“ Your Highness ! the city we are going to show you—  
 New-York—is both proud and delighted to know you.  
 I am Mayor of the city, and, by the same rule,  
 This party's V\*N\*I\*E and this one is B\*\*\*E,  
 Both of which names, I have no doubt at all,  
 Under your notice have happened to fall,  
 If, perchance, you have heard of the Japanese Ball,—  
 Worthy citizens both as ever were born.”

Whereupon *sotto voce* the DUKE, “in a horn.””

The PRINCE, in reply, expresses delight,  
 At the really and truly magnificent sight  
 Which had greeted his eyes, every mile of the way,  
 Up the noble and utterly peerless bay ;  
 And he thanked New-York in an epigram good,  
 A compliment scarcely too well understood ;  
 As a city that boasted a head of “ Mere Wood.”  
 He regretted to leave, but 't was time he should dress,  
 Which His Honor requests he will do by express,—

While His Grace, my Lord DUKE, opportunity takes  
To beg that His Highness will "hurry his cakes."

At length all is ready ; His Highness appears  
On a horse, which with spirit curvets and rears,—  
Which any horse would that royalty bears,  
As the orthodox custom so strictly declares.  
And the company forth from the garden ride,  
To behold a display that New-York in her pride  
Deems a fitting show, on the day so fair,  
That sees her receiving, in welcome here,  
The lordly boy who is England's Heir.  
There, ready for peace or for war's alarms,  
With the sunlight gilding their shining arms,  
Stand the citizen soldiers in martial array,  
Which induces the DUKE in a whisper to say,  
"Many armies I've seen, but never a line  
More splendid than this one, more steady, more fine ;  
And if they should have soldiers' duty to do,  
I reckon they'd turn out hard nuts for the foe."

"Hard nuts, Sir !" says B\*\*\*E ; "and, pray, what would  
you do ?——"

"Dry up," says the DUKE ; "I'm not speaking to you."

And the Alderman, snubbed, thinks he'd best go away,—  
Which he does, and is seen not the rest of the day.  
Says the DUKE, "I'm delighted ; it's just as I hoped ;  
I'm exceedingly glad that the party has sloped." "

But now in a canter the PRINCE spurs his charger,  
The martial battalions grow longer and larger,  
The band plays the anthem that prays for his mother,  
Each soldier salutes him as soldier and brother,  
The flags dip, with cordial welcome to meet him—  
Not in homage—but friendship and good will to greet him.  
And the boy proudly gazes the squadrons along ;  
For he reads in the glances that come from the throng,  
That the features, the bearing, the blood, are the same  
That over the sea with the old Pilgrims came.  
His people and these differ only in name ;  
And if England should e'er want a friend, and a kind one,  
In the day of her trouble, it is here she shall find one.

"Now, General SANDFORD," says the PRINCE,  
"Are you expecting to convince  
His Grace the DUKE and me,  
That the soldiers we now see  
Are clerks, and shopmen, and the like,  
Who are thus prepared to strike,

If occasion ever comes,  
For their country and their homes?"

"I do, indeed, Your Royal Highness,"  
Says General SANDFORD with some shyness ;  
Though he didn't mean to mince  
Matters, even with a Prince.  
"Your Highness, all these men  
Are only soldiers now and then ;  
Arms are not their occupation,—  
Rather more their recreation ;  
Yet they're good shots at the targets,  
Though they're posted on the markets. "  
They certainly are strangers  
To real war and all its dangers ;  
But if occasion should arise  
When these boys must win the prize  
Of martial valor and emprise,  
I rather think they'll do  
Their duty good and true."

"So do I," cries the DUKE—"a few." "

Said the PRINCE, "I won't detain them ;  
But tell me how you train them.



'Tis not easy to conceive  
How mechanics can receive  
Such a military air  
As these noble fellows bear."

"Oh! that," says SANDFORD, while  
He breaks into a smile,  
"Is simple and quite plain,  
As I'll endeavor to explain:  
For the spice of the affair,  
We've a certain SPICER here, "  
Who o'ersees the drill of all;  
And, by assistance of a HALL, "  
We soldierize the men."

"Good for you!" says the DUKE; "Call again."

But now the battalions are ready to move;  
The bands play the airs that all Englishmen love,  
And the cortège moves forward in martial array  
Up the noblest of thoroughfares, splendid Broadway.  
Such a crowd as the Englishmen never had seen  
Divided to let the bright host pass between.  
The mass was as dense as a mass could be;  
'T was like walking in midst of another Red Sea;

For the waves that were piled up on every side,  
To allow the procession in triumph to ride,  
Had been dangerous waves, were the spirit suppressed  
A spirit of trouble, sedition, unrest.  
But those men made the laws which they would not in-  
fringe;  
So they would not be rude, but they never would cringe  
Before royalty even; but proud and erect,  
With decorum perhaps the PRINCE did not expect,  
They shouted,—as none but a New-York crowd  
*Can* shout a welcome, robust and loud;  
A welcome to make the PRINCE glow with pride  
When he stands again by his mother's side,  
And tells what those New-York shouts aver,—  
That in welcoming him they are honoring her.

So gaily the PRINCE and the party ride;  
England's meteor flag streams on every side;  
And they come to the Park, where the Notables all  
Wait to be introduced in the City Hall.

Up to this time, all went  
As though the event  
Had by some friendly genius—  
St. George or St. Nich'las—

Been cleverly planned,  
To astonish the bland  
And most excellent DUKE,  
Whose delighted look  
Most clearly evinced  
That His Grace was convinced  
The arrangements were such  
As conferred very much  
Of credit and fame  
On the city's good name.

But, alas and alack  
For the great drawback !  
If SANDFORD and WOOD  
Could have just understood  
That a crowd belated  
Had patiently waited  
From nine A. M.,  
(A long time for them,)  
Without wanting to go  
Till they'd seen the show !

If SANDFORD and WOOD  
Had but understood  
The axiom good,

Universally known,  
That to let well alone  
Is the very best thing that a body can do!  
But, no! They must order *another* review. "  
What matter to them,  
At 3.30 P. M.,  
If, to see the troops,  
Some hundreds of groups  
Of ladies in hoops,  
And thousands of beaux  
In holiday clothes,  
From the districts adjacent,  
Were waxing impatient,  
After waiting all day  
On the stones of Broadway,  
Or on top of the roofs  
Of tall fire-proofs,  
Hanging over the leads,  
Peeping over the heads  
Of others more fortunate  
Or more importunate,  
Who had the best places  
To exhibit their faces;  
While others, less lucky,  
Or may-be less plucky,

Were but too glad to find  
Little corners behind,  
Where their only repose  
Was to stand on their toes,  
And peep as they could  
Through chinks in the wood,  
Through holes in the wall,  
Through mortar and all,  
Or wink and blink  
And watch and think  
To spy out old SANDFORD  
Over some sign-board,  
Or to look out behind  
A Venetian blind,  
Or a curtain of chintz,  
Till they saw the PRINCE!

*If* SANDFORD and WOOD had but thought of these!  
But they didn't. They first had *their* party to please;  
And all that they cared for, the vain old elves,  
Was to have the fine show all alone to themselves.  
And the consequence was, when they'd fully enjoyed  
The second review, and the troops had deployed,

It had fallen so dark that few spectators could  
Understand which the PRINCE was and which was Mayor  
WOOD,—

For they both rode up in a carriage together.  
And it still is a question of interest whether  
The PRINCE or the Mayor was puzzled the more  
To recall having sat in such comp'ny before.

At the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street  
Stood a rustic, whose name I may not repeat,  
Who with new-married spouse had that morning come  
down,

From one of the far rural districts, to town.  
His lady had ne'er seen a Prince in her life,  
And he thought he'd afford that great treat to his wife.  
In a copy of last week's Squam *Telegram* "  
They had brought some slices of home-cured ham,  
In sandwiches, smeared with a kind of brown custard,  
Or some such queer stuff they intended for mustard.  
And they waited and waited, till, patience outdone,  
They believed they had come to the wrong place for fun.  
At noon they grew hungry, and both having munched  
At the queer-looking sandwiches, thought they had  
lunched;

And still they waited, four hours and more,  
With patience they never had shown before,—  
Till the lady, and even the man, much stronger,  
Declared they “never could stand it no longer ;”  
She was loth to go, but she would not remain  
If she could not do so without suffering pain.  
So the husband away to the corner was sent,  
With the lady's instructions to invest to extent  
Of six cents, for a chair, or what he might hit on,  
For his wife and himself in rotation to sit on ;  
And, after a very few moments' delay,  
The rustic in triumph returned to Broadway,  
With his cautious investment—the cunning young fox—  
In the shape of an empty but stout soap-box.

So by turns they sat ;

And I'll tell you what,

The sight in itself was worth a crown ;  
For, when he was up his lady was down,  
To the vast delight of that end of the town.

Still nought was to see and nought was to hear ;  
The PRINCE didn't come, and 't was doleful to bear ;  
For SANDFORD and WOOD had got him down there.  
The lamps had been lit and the night was here ;

Their stomachs were empty ; the prospect was drear,—  
For beds in New-York are remarkably dear.  
Yet they, like thousands of others, must go,  
Without having seen any more of the show  
Than hosts of soldiers' gay pompons and coats,  
In the light which so dimly before them floats,  
And some men in a coach, which, the shouts evince,  
Carries one who, no doubt, is His Highness the PRINCE.

Oh, General SANDFORD and Mr. Mayor WOOD !  
If both of you gentlemen only had stood  
    In the midst of that crowd,  
    And had heard aloud  
    Its anathemas deep,  
    'T would have spoiled your sleep  
    For a week, I'll be bound ;  
Unless you can sleep most outrageously sound.

But, all this notwithstanding, and nevertheless,  
The affair, on the whole, was a splendid success.  
    The PRINCE was delighted ;  
    The suite were excited ;  
    The police were affrighted ;



And every one saw  
That, but for the law,  
Mayor Wood most assuredly would have been knighted.

And, as for His Grace,  
His jolly old face  
Beamed over with joy,  
Like the face of a boy.

And, when the Mayor said that he hoped the reception  
Had not fallen short of His Grace's conception  
Of what New-York would do to let it be seen  
How greatly she honored the Son of the QUEEN,  
The DUKE, gratified,  
In these words replied:

"I'm, indeed, at a loss  
To express, old Hoss,"

The feelings that now round my old heart cling.  
We are grateful, indeed. 'T was a very big thing."  
I assure you I never was so overcome;  
And I'll write a most ample account of it home.  
I'm too tired now, but I'll write by-and-by;  
And, meanwhile, let us liquor—I'm excessively dry—"  
Drink with you instead? Well, I'm sure I don't mind;  
But something I must take; I want it worst kind." "

So all was over and happily done,  
With much excellent feeling and plenty of fun.

Then for three succeeding days the whole town,  
Or all of its folks, came and sat themselves down  
Before the Fifth-Avenue hostelry, where  
The PRINCE and his suite were puzzled, I fear,  
To conceive what amusement the people could find  
In inspecting the walls which he lived behind.

However, the thing was exceedingly clear,  
That the most that the people desired to hear  
Was the fact that their guest  
Had enjoyed his rest,  
And, whatever befell,  
That the PRINCE was well.

And, happily, this was indeed the case ;  
Health shone in the tints of his English face.  
He'd but one attack while he stayed in the city—  
An attack, it appears, of the Ball Committee: "

Who, suffering under a fearful congestion  
Of views concerning the white-waistcoat question,  
Applied for some hints,  
To His Highness the PRINCE,

As to whether 't was right  
That vests of pure white,  
With black pants and coats—  
Per the lithographed notes—“  
Should perforce be the rule  
Of the elegant school  
Of manners polite,  
Set down for the night  
When the great affair,  
Now under their care,  
Which the people call  
“The Prince's Ball,”  
Should haply come off.

But the PRINCE, with a laugh,  
To the DUKE referred this momentous point.  
But His Grace said his science was out of joint,  
And on matters like these was not to be boasted ;  
He could not declare himself thoroughly posted ; “  
Old parties like him could not be Amphytrions ;  
They'd do better to ask his good friend, my LORD LYONS. “  
But His Lordship distinctly and flatly refused,  
And begged that diplomatists might be excused  
From saying a word on the white-waistcoat plan ;  
“ But there's ARCHIBALD, now ; ~~he's~~ a ladies' man.” ”

Here the Consul grew instantly red in the face:  
 "I know nothing," said he, "in regard to this case.  
 I think that a tailor had better declare  
 What you and the rest of the folks ought to wear."

So the grand Committee went off, in a fuss,  
 The "white-waistcoat" question again to discuss;  
 And all that they gained by their visit that day,  
 Was the right to their numerous cronies to say,  
 With that accent of humble and ill-suppressed pride  
 Which reveals the joy that is working inside,  
 "We happened, by chance, to be passing that way,  
 And we made a short call on the PRINCE to-day.  
 A remarkably fine and intelligent youth,  
 With his father's nose and his mother's mouth.  
 Spoke the same to me as I'm speaking to you:  
 'Ah! Co\*P\*R, old fellow, and how do you do?'  
 'Ph\*L\*s, my boy, will you have some wine?  
 Or, if you prefer it, remain and dine.'"

Now, concerning the ball, I've but little to say.  
     When the theme was young,  
     It was cleverly sung  
 By the author satirical, learned and witty,  
 Who wrote the *brochure* so well known in the city—

The caustic book,—with the famous heading,—  
In verse, and entitled “The Diamond Wedding.”

What I saw befall  
At “The Prince’s Ball,”  
Let me briefly relate ;  
For, at half-past eight,  
(Not having a card,  
For I thought it hard  
To have to petition and take off my hat  
For a ticket, and pay ten dollars at that,) “  
I got myself cleverly smuggled inside,  
In the tube of a monstrous ophicleide,  
By a friendly musician, to whom one day  
I presented an “order” to hear “Broadway.” “

And I saw young women most handsomely dressed ;  
With diamonds,—which, it must be confessed,  
They had hired from TIFFANY’S show-case, lest  
The PRINCE might suppose that their rank, at best,  
Must be traced to a codfish, by way of crest, “  
On an oyster-sauce field to make up the rest.  
And hope in their faces was plainly expressed ;  
For they fervently prayed for only a chance,  
That His Highness the PRINCE would ask them to dance.

And, indeed, I don't wonder they wished for his hand,—  
For, of all that white-waistcoated masculine band,  
There were few who *could* dance with the sweet little dears,  
Since not many were much under fifty-five years;  
For our "solid" old men, having furnished the tin,  
Thought it nothing but right that they should go in  
And inspect the PRINCE and his party, while  
They showed him true Manhattan fashion and style.

—So the gentlemen's heads made a sea of white hair,  
Well mingled with bald pates here and there,—  
A mixture, indeed, that might almost seem  
Like hard apple-dumplings floating in cream.

And not the least worthy of one's observation  
Was the delicate drift of the soft conversation:

"There, Sarah Jane,  
You've done it again!  
You've torn my dress!  
There's such a press——"

"It wasn't I, Ma!  
Can't you see it was Pa?  
But it's no great harm."

"It's terribly warm;

I know I shall faint,  
And lose all my paint."

"There's the PRINCE!" "No, it ain't;

I'll bet a quarter  
He'll wear the garter."

"Well, so he may ;

But can you say,

If he does do it,

How we shall know it?

We each of us wear

Of garters a pair,

And nobody's eyes

Can recognise

Such things as these

On a person's knees."

"But his *will* be seen,—

For the thing I mean

It is English pride

To wear outside."

"What a very queer

And droll idea!"

Then one old girl,

With her hair in curl,

From the rural districts,  
Has the hyst'rics,—  
And, in a stupor,  
Calls PETER Co\*P\*R,  
To his very face,  
“Your Highness' Grace!”  
In a rustic whim  
Mistaking him,  
With his black coat-tails,  
For the PRINCE OF WALES.

Mr. Co\*P\*R flushes,  
And really blushes  
From the very roots  
Of his hair to his boots,  
(Crimsoning quite  
The waistcoat white,  
Which makes him doubt  
If they'll turn him out.)  
“Madam!” says PETER,  
In solemn metre,  
With manner tarty,  
“I'm not the party.  
There are many, I know—  
At least, I hear so—



Whom it happens to strike  
That I'm not unlike  
His Highness in face;  
It's a very hard case  
That people will  
Persist in still  
Believing me  
What I've no intention whatever to be."

But the music plays;  
And several ways  
The people look  
For the PRINCE and DUKE.  
"Oh, let me see!  
That's he! that's he!"

That's he, indeed; and the ball begins.  
Mrs. Governor MORGAN the honor wins  
Of His Highness's hand for the first quadrille,—  
Then polkas, and waltzes, and redowas still.  
The fun waxes furious, jolly and hot,  
And many a girl of that brilliant lot  
Is anxious to catch His Highness's glance,  
In the hope that he'll single her out to dance.

The giddiest of crowds is hopping about,  
 Wearing their pump boots cruelly out;  
 PETER Co\*P\*R is wild with ecstatic delight,  
 And PH\*L\*s declares it's a brilliant sight;  
 And all is mirthful and happy, when—"Oh!

Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh!"

Like a flash,

Crash, dash!

Smash!

Clang, bang!

"Hollo! Hollo!

Where the deuce are we going to go?

What's become of the floor?

Let us rush for the door!

Is it an earthquake?—

No! only a floor-break." "

And PETER Co\*P\*R—what does *he* do?  
 Sticks to the PRINCE like a man of glue; "  
*He* doesn't falter, *he* doesn't wince,  
 But he rushes about—"Here! save the PRINCE!  
 Leave everything else; every effort make;  
 Save the PRINCE, for the poor Committee's sake;  
 For, if he be hurt, he will never be able  
 To behold the display at the banqueting table."

Though it seems to have first and already occurred  
To His Highness, before PETER's outcry was heard,  
That if, for any one's sake alone,  
It was well that his safety should soon be made known,—  
He had better, perhaps, see to that for his own.

But the floor is mended and all is made right,  
And they dance in style till long past midnight;  
And they have the magnificent supper beside,  
In which the Committee take so much pride.  
And thus terminates the glitter and glare  
Of this monstrously dull but most gorgeous affair:  
And the PRINCE goes to bed and has the nightmare;  
For the principal cook and all of his helps  
Ride astride of his chest, led by Co\*P\*R and Ph\*L\*s.

The rest of the story is very soon told.  
Much American work, in silver and gold,  
The PRINCE and the DUKE spent the half of a day  
In buying of BALL, BLACK & Co., in Broadway.  
Mr. BALL did himself the high honor to wait  
On His Highness the PRINCE,—and oh, fortunate fate!  
By friends and relations, assistants and all,  
He is known to this day as "The Prince's BALL."





*Went to Brady's & Gurney's, & paid a visit  
To Barnum's to see what was the "What is it?"*





He liked our libraries,—the Astor most,  
Where COGSWELL met that remarkable ghost. "  
He saw the Academy, frowning and dark, "  
Holding many a monkey, goose, and lark—  
An exclusively human Noah's Ark.  
Then he planted two trees in the Central Park;  
Went to BRADY's, and GURNEY's; and paid a visit  
To BARNUM's, to see what was the "What is it?" "

"T is a singular thing," said the PRINCE; "but I thought,  
From the way that the artist the likeness has brought,  
On the painting outside, to the public eye,  
That the animal really was taller than I.  
What is it, indeed? I thought 't would be bigger."

"Well, I kind o' calc'late," said the DUKE, "it's a nigger." "

"I am really surprised," said the PRINCE, "at its size.  
Can it be Mr. BARNUM himself in disguise?  
'T would be quite in accord with the showman's plan."

"Not he," said the DUKE; "no! nor any other man;—"  
'T is one of those hogs, too lazy or sly,  
Who, refusing to root, had been forced to die,"



But that BARNUM has bought him for small amount,—  
An unfortunate nigger of no account.”

Then the firemen turned out on the Saturday night,  
And turned night into day with the blaze of light  
From thousands of flaming torches flung,  
As the masses down Broadway strode along.

Then, on Sunday, old Trinity Church came out  
In a way that, without any manner of doubt,  
Put Grace-Church BROWN's pipe most completely out.”

The next day, on to Dutch old Albany, where  
He thought the old town but a poor affair;  
And, indeed, in the season of freshets, I hear  
That the water's so cheap and the land is so dear,  
That the city's not very much here nor there.

But the following day they made matters worse:  
They took him to Boston, that city perverse,  
And showed him the “hub of the universe,”  
With Governor BANKS for the principal fellow,—  
A very nice man, but remarkably yellow.

Here they gave him the regular Union thing,  
For he heard our great foreign artists sing,  
With the genuine, true Teutonic ring,  
The national air inspiring :—

“T is de Shtar-Shbankled Panner!  
Und lonk may she wave  
O'er de land of de free  
Und de home of de brave!”

Then to Portland His Highness was hurried, to meet  
The squadron detached from Her Majesty's fleet,  
Awaiting, as anxious the waters to roam  
And convey the PRINCE back to his insular home.

For the Portlanders this was a great event;  
It consoled the Maine people, to some extent,  
For the great disappointment they underwent—  
A disappointment cruel and hard to bear—  
When the *Great Eastern* flatly refused to go there.”  
So madly, indeed, was their joy expressed,  
That,—the popular feeling unrepressed,—  
When the PRINCE and his party had finally gone,  
They “whittled” the plank that he last stepp'd upon

Into tooth-picks, the rest of the nation to fleece,—  
For they're selling them still at a quarter a-piece,  
And have quite a magnificent business made,  
To the vast increase of their lumber trade.

So the PRINCE and the DUKE repaired on board,  
Where the broad Blue Peter reluctantly soared—  
The signal for turning once more towards home.

And tears in the eyes of the DUKE have come,  
As he says to the PRINCE, "Those States are some."  
'T is a people noble,—a nation great,—  
With a present disturbed ; but a glorious fate  
In the far-off future. For, though they're quick,  
And with angry language a trifle too slick,"  
There are reason and right and judgment clear  
In the Saxon blood that predominates there.  
They *may* suffer trouble, and noise, and all that,  
But 't will pass and be gone again quicker 'an 's cat."  
They are brethren of ours and brethren together ;  
They'll survive the storms of political weather.  
Their Union's their strength,—and may God forefend  
That that Union should really be brought to an end

By the passion or pride of obstinate fools  
At the North or the South. For, while reason rules,  
They'll stick together; and then, by thunder!  
Let all who oppose them stand well from under."  
While united, whatever the land may betide,  
They are England's best friends and her noblest pride.

"Adieu, then, my country!" the old DUKE cried;  
"For an Englishman still finds his place at thy side;  
And on thy friendly shores—though on thine alone—  
No difference finds he, no change from his own.  
Mayest thou still be the favorite child of the Fates!  
MAY GOD BLESS AND PRESERVE THEE, THOU UNION OF  
STATES!"



## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> “*Hire coaches! Purchase gloves!*”

When the Japanese Princes were “received” in New-York, in the summer of 1860, at a cost of \$105,000, the Aldermen and Common Councilmen appeared in the procession in carriages, hired at the expense of the city and at a charge unparalleled in the annals of American livery stables. The “City Fathers,” as members of the Corporation are called (probably in allusion to that other abominable old cannibal, SATURN, who consumed his own children), besides wearing waistcoats of very “loud” patterns, made themselves conspicuous *à l’outrance* by appearing in enormous yellow gloves, which fitted their hands with remarkable exactitude. The city paid also for these articles bills of a magnitude more than corresponding with the size of the gloves. The Aldermen fondly hoped that at the reception of the PRINCE OF WALES they would again be permitted to indulge in the luxury above referred to, but they were disappointed.

<sup>2</sup> “*The loyal Blue-noses a welcome have blown.*”

The term Blue-noses has been applied to the inhabitants of Nova Scotia: on what grounds, I have not been able to ascertain, and can only imagine that the personal compliment conveyed in the phrase was intended to infer a criticism on the extreme severity of the winter in that country.

<sup>3</sup> “*As having received his grandfather before him.*”

His Royal Highness the DUKE OF KENT, father of the present QUEEN, visited Nova Scotia in the year 1799, and was warmly welcomed by the hospitable inhabitants of that province.

<sup>4</sup> *"Convinced him that Orange fanatics are fools."*

The Orange disturbances during the PRINCE's stay in Canada are too familiar to the reader to require any comment here.

<sup>5</sup> *"To keep Mr. Bennett religiously posted."*

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT is the proprietor and editor of the well-known *New-York Herald*—information which would be superfluous to any but the foreign reader. The word "posted" is a current phrase of commercial derivation, signifying "informed."

<sup>6</sup> *"Now, he'd had no end of polite invitations."*

The newspapers of the time teemed with offers, authorized and otherwise, of mansions which their owners desired to place at the disposal of His Royal Highness during his stay in this city. The Fifth Avenue, which is the Belgravia of New-York—most of the houses in which street are built with "brown-stone fronts"—was especially forward in these manifestations of hospitality.

<sup>7</sup> *"That a messenger went, His Highness to meet,  
On behalf of the Rainbow, in Beekman Street."*

A modest but respectable house, kept by an Englishman, but in the heart of the business portion of the city, and in the neighborhood of what is known as "The Swamp," where the hide trade is chiefly conducted,—a district not likely to be visited by His Royal Highness.

<sup>8</sup> *"Was the one that was sent from the far-famed Spingular."*

The Spingler Institute—tortured into Spingular to meet the tyrannical exigencies of the rhyme—is one of the first and most respectable academic institutions in the country, and is known and appreciated in every State in the Union.

<sup>9</sup> *"An A\*b\*t so sleek holds the principal chair."*

The Head of this Institution, MR. GORHAM ABBOTT, is a gentleman of high literary ability; but his rather lengthy letter to the newspapers, attempting to show reason why the PRINCE should occupy the Spingler Institute in preference to any other house in New-York, caused much comment at the time.

<sup>10</sup> “*Which one shall I choose?*” *Said the Duke, ‘Nary one.’*”

This expression has been generally adopted by the fast young men of the day to convey, in an abbreviated and somewhat corrupt form, “Ne’er a one.”

<sup>11</sup> “*Said the Duke, with a nod, ‘You had better believe it.’*”

“You had better believe it,” illustrates the American desire to arrive directly at a point without wasting too many words over the argument. It assumes, as a foregone conclusion, a wish, on the part of the individual addressed, to be correct and to arrive at a truthful understanding of the matter in question, and intimates the *Credat Judeus* in an absolute rather than an ironical sense.

<sup>12</sup> “*A very short note to her very ‘good friend.’*”

The letter by which Her Majesty informed Mr. BUCHANAN, then President of the United States, that her son, the PRINCE OF WALES, would visit America, was couched in the following simple and unaffected terms, which helped, in no small measure, to strengthen and confirm the feeling of affection and good-will with which Her Majesty is regarded by all Americans:

“BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 22, 1860.

“*My Good Friend*,—I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the PRINCE OF WALES to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States; and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you, in person, that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly state and kindred nation.

“The PRINCE OF WALES will drop all Royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of LORD RENFREW, as he has done when travelling on the Continent of Europe.

“The PRINCE CONSORT wishes to be kindly remembered to you.

“I remain, ever your Good Friend,

“VICTORIA R.”

<sup>13</sup> “*Should drop every princely, imperial form.’*”

With most becoming good taste it was arranged that the PRINCE, on visiting the great republic of the North, should drop all superior title, which might be supposed to be out of favor with republics, and appear simply as BARON RENFREW. *Vide* Note 12.



<sup>14</sup> "*Who wants to see Barons? They're plenty enough.*"

The baronial distinction has not been uncommon in America since the tide of emigration has set in so freely from Germany. There are now many persons, severally engaged in soap-boiling, lager-beer-brewing, the manufacture of blacking, &c., &c., who lay claim to this title in their own Vaterland.

<sup>15</sup> "*You've got me there, where my hair is short.*"

A common expression, and, sooth to say, perhaps a vulgar one, but which is very current with Young America. I have not been able distinctly to trace its origin; but it is said to have reference to a fashion which prevailed in this country, a few years ago, of cutting the hair on the back of the head very short, and to a habit which the street boys had of directing pellets, through pea-shooters, at persons promenading Broadway, whose heads had been so treated. "Take him where his hair is short," one urchin would say to another; and the expression passed into a proverb to indicate a point of vantage over an adversary in argument.

<sup>16</sup> "*One of the party saw Blondin come out.*"

Mr. BLONDIN repeatedly perilled his life, to the uncontrollable gratification of an enlightened public, by crossing the Falls of Niagara on a rope stretched across that fearful chasm.

<sup>17</sup> "*On one of the South Carolina Banks.*"

The Banks of South Carolina had just suspended specie payments when "The Prince's Visit" was first brought out.

<sup>18</sup> "*That the fish, in alarm, made a rush for the sea.*"

If the reader will have the kindness to consult the map, he will observe what a fine time the Michigan fish must have had of it, if they really carried into effect their daring attempt to reach the Ocean.

<sup>19</sup> "*Who wrote for 'The Hoboken True Indicator.'*"

Hoboken is a transfluvial suburb of New-York, being situated on the opposite bank of the Hudson, and therefore in the State of New-Jersey; notwithstanding which last-named fact, there exists a certain degree of

civilisation among the inhabitants. The Teutonic element largely predominates in the population, and it is said that *lager bier* is regularly taken in at the areas in the morning, as milk is with us. I believe they have a Mayor in Hoboken, who occupies his civic chair every Sunday, *al fresco*, in the *Champs Elysées*, or "Elysian Fields," (so called from their being anything but fields and having nothing whatever Elysian about them,) in the suburbs of that suburb. I also learn that Hoboken enjoys the municipal blessing of a "Board" of Aldermen and Common (I am told extremely common) Councilmen. There are, besides, two (or more) newspapers published in the classic solitudes here spoken of. I have never seen the prints in question; but I have no doubt that the editorial articles given to the world in those columns exercise—as anything emanating from New-Jersey would—a most powerful influence on the destinies of the republic.

<sup>20</sup> "'*T is a great contrivance, and hard to beat.*'"

The motto of New-York—"Excelsior"—governs the American mind in everything. Not being a profound people, like the Germans or the Chinese, (the nations who are most given to boring the world with metaphysics about which the world in general does not care two-pence,) they do not seek in lowest depths a deeper still, unless an oil or artesian well be in question; but they love to find a higher to every highest, a cap for every climax, and a better to every best. Indeed, it would not surprise me to hear one day that they had invented a card competent to take the ace of trumps. To employ language which will be best understood on the Mississippi River, they will "see" anything that anybody can do, and "go you ten better." There may in reality be a great deal of "brag" in this; but it nevertheless is the national characteristic. They are never content with what is; because what is is never good enough for them. Whenever, therefore, they view anything accomplished, although they may admire it, their admiration is always mingled with a calculation of the means to excel the performance which has been successful. It will readily be understood, from the foregoing remarks, that the admission, by an American, that a work accomplished is *hard* (difficult) *to beat*, (to be excelled or surpassed,) is intended as the highest compliment he can pay.

<sup>21</sup> "*Says Wentworth, (Long John,) to the Duke by his side.*"

Col. WENTWORTH is one of the most distinguished citizens of Illinois, or, as Mr. DICKENS would more aptly say, "one of the most remarkable men in our country."

<sup>22</sup> “ *And the Duke replied, ‘Well, I guess it is.’* ”

I believe our English cousins already know that to “guess” is a habit with the American, as well in his social life as in his ordinary conversation. He will “guess” on the very smallest provocation and in the most delicate detail. Tell him your christian name, and he will “guess” your surname, and *vice versa*. Inform him of the street you live in, and he will “guess” the number of your house. Present him to your wife, and he will “guess” her age and impart to you the result of his “estimate.” He will “guess” how much you paid for your coat, and how much you owe your tailor on last year’s bill.

All this would imply a certain hardihood of assertion; but it is, in fact, rather a desire to obtain information on points which do not in the least concern him; and it moreover betrays indecision in making a statement, lest it should be regarded as open to denial. “Does it rain?” you will say to an American who has just come in, thoroughly wet, from the street. “Well, I guess it does,” will be the reply;—and a sage one; for, says the philosopher, “Nothing is certain. I believe that I exist, but I do not know it. I doubt everything. I even doubt that I doubt.” The American mind, on this principle, is philosophical—I guess.

<sup>23</sup> “ *‘It will be a great place when it comes to be fenc’d.’* ”

To speak of fencing a place “around,” as was done by old GRIMES with his “garding,” so celebrated in ballad poesy, is derisively to invest it with a certain degree of mock perfection. It is common to speak, for example, of New-Jersey as likely to be a great State “when it comes to be fenced.”

<sup>24</sup> “ *And, repressing his notorious Anglophobia.* ”

Gen. CASS, the distinguished statesman who held the seals of the State Department under Mr. BUCHANAN, earned for himself, during the earlier years of his career—justly or not, I do not presume to say—a reputation for being antagonistic to England and English interests, and rather prejudiced against the government and people of that country.

<sup>25</sup> “ *‘The ‘old public functionary’ had not learned to dance.’* ”

Mr. BUCHANAN so styled himself in a lachrymose document, indited by him at the commencement of the unhappy national troubles now pending.

<sup>26</sup> “ *One reporter declares he was cheerfully greeted,  
The other asserts he was shamefully treated.* ”

The Reporter of the *New-York Times*, who travelled with the royal party, stated that at Richmond His Highness's carriage was followed for some distance by a mob, who hooted and otherwise behaved coarsely, after the manner of what the lower classes of whites in the South term “southern chivalry.” The Richmond journals indignantly denied the accusations of the *Times*.

<sup>27</sup> “ *Was but putting a Curtin up in a very high place.* ”

On the day of the PRINCE's arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. CURTIN was elected Governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

<sup>28</sup> “ *And the Mayor of Philamadelphia came.* ”

The city of Philadelphia is sometimes so called, in rather unmerited derision, by New-Yorkers. Referring to my remarks in the preface, however, I would observe that the Philadelphia press does not lose many opportunities of ridiculing New-York and its inhabitants:—hence the little and rather undeserved fling, in the text, at our sister city.

<sup>29</sup> “ *And bungled the—what do you call?—Japanese!* ”

It will be remembered that, a few months prior to the arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES, an Embassy from Japan visited the United States, and was afflicted with a public reception in Philadelphia and New-York, among other important cities of the Union.

<sup>30</sup> “ ‘Oh! of course,’ said the Duke, with a chuckle; ‘yes—much!’ ”

“Much” is used ironically, in the same sense as the phrase of Shakspeare which is frequently amplified to read “very much like a whale.”

<sup>31</sup> “ *The time-honored, reverenc'd name of Girard.* ”

STEPHEN GIRARD is remembered in Philadelphia, with respect and veneration, as a philanthropist who, beginning life, like LAFITTE, with nothing but an honest purpose and a determined will, achieved wealth, which he used lavishly in works of benevolence and charity. The Girard College is one of the proudest monuments of individual philanthropy on this Continent.

<sup>32</sup> “ ‘*I’ve no doubt, if he tried, he could keep a hotel.*’ ”

The greatest test of merit in certain localities in the West, is the ability to keep a hotel. If a man can successfully perform the delicate and complicated duties of the landlord, he is adjudged competent to act as minister of state, first tenor in an opera, editor of a newspaper, colonel of engineers, commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, or President of the United States.

<sup>33</sup> “ ‘*He must pass through the land of an alien power.*’ ”

The thriving and stirring little State of New-Jersey is out of favor with New-Yorkers, owing chiefly to a tax which the State government imposes on every passenger going over the railroads, and which is felt to be onerous by commercial men travelling from New-York to Philadelphia or between the Eastern and Southern States. The Jerseyites have also acquired or been invested with the character of a “slow” people, and the State is therefore generally spoken of derisively as being “out of the United States.” The gibe, however, has lost all its fun in these sad, sad days of “secession.”

<sup>34</sup> “ ‘*Ze country is free.*’ ”

“The country is free,” is a remark which is unhappily made to do service, as an excuse, in a variety of cases where license is mistaken for orderly liberty. Any one, however, who knows the abuse which is only too frequently made of the word *freedom* in the United States, will understand the melancholy misinterpretation here referred to.

<sup>35</sup> “ ‘*With which Messrs. Sandford and Wood will bore him.*’ ”

General SANDFORD, and Mr. WOOD, Mayor of the city, were, *ex officio*, the most prominent of those citizens to whom was delegated the honor of receiving the PRINCE in New-York.

<sup>36</sup> “ ‘*If, perchance, you have heard of the Japanese Ball.*’ ”

The ball given by the city in honor of the Japanese Princes was so miserably and vulgarly conducted, that every respectable citizen regarded it with horror and has remembered it with disgust—feelings which were expressed without stint when the bill of expenses was presented. Thousands

of bottles of champagne which figured in that precious document, had been lavishly wasted by a class of persons whose ordinary drink was whisky, whole dozens having been handed by them to their friends and political supporters in the street, whose tastes had never before aspired beyond New-England rum. The most costly ornaments were either broken or abstracted by persons who had gained admission to the supper-room; and, in short, the scene is said to have been little better than a civic orgie.

<sup>37</sup> “*Whereupon, sotto voce, the Duke, ‘in a horn.’*”

“In a horn” is an ironical term, implying a decided negative. It is sometimes employed as an equivalent to the elegant English inquiry, “Don’t you wish you may get it?”

<sup>38</sup> “*To beg that His Highness will ‘hurry his cakes.’*”

To “hurry up your cakes” is a common observation, expressive of the “go-aheaditiveness” of the American people. Europeans who have visited America, are doubtless familiar with a highly indigestible compound, called buckwheat cakes, which are served hot, and eaten with butter or molasses, according to the taste and fancy of him who eats. In boarding-houses, these circles of vegetable flannel form the principal feature of every-day’s breakfast,—(like all indigestible food, they are of a very satisfying nature, and very few of them go a very far way,)—and as every boarder covets buckwheat, and is moreover in a violent haste to get through the troublesome process of breakfasting, the unfortunate servant is overwhelmed with adjurations to “hurry up those cakes,”—whence the saying.

<sup>39</sup> “*‘I reckon they’d turn out hard nuts for the foe.’*”

“Hard nuts to crack” is a form of expression that comes to us, I believe, from England, and implies a difficulty to be overcome.

<sup>40</sup> “*‘Dry up,’ says the Duke; ‘I’m not speaking to you.’*”

“Dry up,” with other expressions having the same meaning,—such as “shut up,” “evaporate,” “stow it,”—owes its origin to the Western States. It implies that, although the party addressed may physically remain in the presence, he must not appear in the conversation.

<sup>41</sup> “ ‘*I’m exceedingly glad that the party has sloped.*’ ”

To “slope” is to glide away unnoticed, to “take French leave,” to depart without previous notification to creditors, or to quit company under circumstances not creditable.

<sup>42</sup> “ ‘*Though they’re posted on the markets.*’ ”

For the meaning of the word “posted,” *vide* Note No. 5.

<sup>43</sup> “ ‘*So do I, cries the Duke—‘a few.’* ”

“A few” is intended to express, ironically, a very great deal, or a very great many, in the same manner as the English sayings, “rather,” “slightly so,” &c.

<sup>44</sup> “ ‘*We’ve a certain Spicer here.*’ ”

<sup>45</sup> “ ‘*And, by assistance of a Hall.*’ ”

Generals SPICER and HALL are Generals of Brigade of the New-York State Militia.

<sup>46</sup> “ ‘*Good for you!*’ says the Duke ; ‘*Call again.*’ ”

This is a Western form of speech, and expresses appreciation not only of the joke, but of the joker, whom it invites to take an early opportunity of giving another specimen of his wit.

<sup>47</sup> “ *But, no! They must order another review.* ”

A second review of the troops having been ordered to take place in front of the City Hall, ostensibly to entertain the PRINCE, but in reality to gratify the morbid vanity of certain officials, two or three hours were needlessly wasted. The consequence was, that before the PRINCE’S carriage had traversed one fourth of the distance between the City Hall and his hotel, it had become too dark for the thousands who, during so many hours, had patiently awaited his coming, to discern His Highness’s features. Much dissatisfaction at this gross mismanagement was expressed.

<sup>48</sup> “ *In a copy of last week’s Squam Telegram.* ”

A certain part of the rocky coast of Long Island is known by the euphonious name of “Squam.”

<sup>49</sup> “ ‘*I’m, indeed, at a loss  
To express, old Hoss.’*”

Here, again, we find ourselves indebted to Western invention for an elegant and dignified apostrophe. “Hoss” is a corruption of “Horse,” and “old Hoss” is used familiarly, in the same sense as that in which some persons permit themselves to address their friends severally as “old fellow,” “old boy.” Nothing derogatory is meant, however, by the substitution of the quadruped for the biped in this case.

<sup>50</sup> “ ‘*We are grateful, indeed. ’Twas a very big thing.’*”

Anything extraordinary is alluded to as “a big thing.” I have heard the term applied to a sermon, a glass of rare wine, a lady’s fan made of expensive material, a heavy shower of rain or a storm, an elegant ring, a commercial enterprise or speculative operation, &c.

<sup>51</sup> “ ‘*And, meanwhile, let us liquor—I’m excessively dry.’*”

“Let us liquor”—a Western invitation to drink at the public bar of a hotel. The pages of *Punch*, however, have already familiarised the English reader with this American nominal verb.

<sup>52</sup> “ ‘*But something I must take ; I want it worst kind.’*”

To want anything “worst kind” is to desire it to the utmost degree of craving.

<sup>53</sup> “ ‘*An attack, it appears, of the Ball Committee.’*”

The gentlemen composing the “Ball Committee” were among the most respectable and distinguished of the citizens of New-York, and managed the details of the magnificent entertainment entrusted to their care with consummate skill and ability, in spite of the difficulties presented by the very democratic constitution of the *société mûle* of the city. If they did not succeed in making the company altogether as select as might have been wished, they, at least, did the best they could, in a community which is apt to measure position by the test of wealth, and is constantly erecting ephemeral statues to aristocracy upon pedestals composed of dollars.

One of the prominent members of the “Ball Committee” has earned for



himself an exalted name among his fellow-citizens for his constant and active benevolence. Unlike many rich men who let their means go to charitable or benevolent institutions only after death has rendered their wealth valueless to themselves, Mr. C. finds the chief enjoyment of life in witnessing the results of his good actions. He has built and given to the city of New-York the "Union Institute," a magnificent monument of noble care for the great cause of public education.

Had there existed the smallest chance that either of the gentlemen here referred to would have taken offence at the lines which speak mirthfully, but not disrespectfully, of their names, the words would never have been written. But the author is satisfied that no one will more thoroughly understand the innocence of the joke perpetrated, than the gentlemen who are made its subject.

<sup>54</sup> "*Per the lithographed notes.*"

Among the oddities of the Prince's Ball, none created more merriment than the published directions to the effect that all gentlemen assisting at that *reunion* should be arrayed in black pantaloons, dress coat, and a white waistcoat. This promulgation of the Haymarket etiquette was regarded, on this side of the water, as an example of imitative flunkeyism, and was ridiculed accordingly.

<sup>55</sup> "*He could not declare himself thoroughly posted.*"

*Vide* Note No. 5.

<sup>56</sup> "*They'd do better to ask his good friend, my Lord Lyons.*"

LORD LYONS was and is Her Majesty's Ambassador to the United States.

<sup>57</sup> "*But there's Archibald, now ; he's a ladies' man.'*"

MR. ARCHIBALD held, and still holds, the office of British Consul in New-York.

<sup>58</sup> "*For a ticket, and pay ten dollars at that.*"

The tickets to the Prince's Ball were issued at ten dollars each, and it required much influence to obtain one.

<sup>59</sup> “*I presented an ‘order’ to hear ‘Broadway.’*”

The title of another humorous production by the author of “*The Prince’s Visit*,” and shortly to be published as a companion-book to the one now in the hand of reader.

<sup>60</sup> “*The Prince might suppose that their rank, at best,  
Must be traced to a codfish, by way of crest.*”

The *New-York Herald*, I believe it was, which first applied to the *nouveaux riches* of metropolitan society the designation, “Codfish Aristocracy.”

<sup>61</sup> “*‘No! only a floor-break.’*”

The temporary staging erected in the Opera House on the occasion of the ball, gave way and created some little alarm, but was speedily repaired, and the casualty did not materially interfere with the enjoyments of the evening.

<sup>62</sup> “*Sticks to the Prince like a man of glue.*”

Mr. C. is the most extensive manufacturer of glue in the United States.

<sup>63</sup> “*Where Cogswell met that remarkable ghost.*”

DR. COGSWELL, the eminent Librarian of the Astor Library, saw, or asserted that he saw, a most remarkable ghost, several nights, reading studiously in the great hall.

<sup>64</sup> “*He saw the Academy, frowning and dark.*”

The Free Academy of New-York is a noble institution, of which the State and city are justly proud. Its style of architecture, however, is gloomy, and the building has more the appearance of a dilapidated match-box than of a college.

<sup>65</sup> “*To Barnum’s, to see what was the ‘What is it?’*”

“The What is it?” is an idiotic negro, who is exhibited by Mr. BARNUM under this “sensation” title. This animal at present occupies the place of the Fejee Mermaid, absent on leave.

<sup>66</sup> " 'Well, I kind o' calc'late,' said the Duke, 'it's a nigger.' "

The Yankees of the Eastern States "calculate" where the New-Yorkers only "guess." *Vide* Note No. 22.

<sup>67</sup> " 'Not he,' said the Duke; 'no! nor any other man.' "

The talented correspondent of *Vanity Fair*, (the *American Punch*), ARTEMUS WARD, Esq., L. L. D. and Literary Showman, originated the expression, "Nor any other man." Its precise meaning never having been discovered, it is promiscuously employed by Young America as a finish to any subject of conversation.

<sup>68</sup> " ' 'Tis one of those hogs, too lazy or sly,  
Who, refusing to root, had been forced to die.' "

"Root, hog, or die," is the burden of an Ethiopian melody, which, since "nigger music" has succeeded in sharing with German and Italian Opera the favor of the enlightened British public, may be said to be popular on both sides of the Atlantic. The animal being presented with the alternative of death by starvation if he refuses to work (root) for his own living, the exhortation quoted from the song must be accepted as a moral lesson on the value of industry.

<sup>69</sup> " 'Put Grace-Church Brown's pipe most completely out.' "

MR. BROWN, the dignified and amiable Sexton of "the fashionable church" of New-York, is a gentleman of consequence and distinction, and, as such, is well known to the New-York public. He conducts baptisms, arranges weddings, superintends funerals, and is said to dispense invitations to many of the balls and private parties given by certain would-be fashionable families of upper-tendom.

<sup>70</sup> " 'And showed him the 'hub of the universe.' "

The good people of Boston have a very magnificent idea of their pretty little city, which they designate the "American Athens," among other Attic titles. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* has said, perhaps with more severity than truth, that the tire of the earth, straightened into a lever, could not pry out of the Boston mind the belief that the State House on Beacon Hill is the hub (or radiating centre) of the universe.

<sup>71</sup> "*When the Great Eastern flatly refused to go there.*"

The citizens of Portland were much incensed, and justly so, as far as a judgment can be formed on *ex parte* evidence, against the Directors of the *Great Eastern Steamship Co.*, for their refusal to let the vessel visit Portland, after an understanding that she was to be sent thither had induced that city to expend a large sum of money in making preparations for her reception.

<sup>72</sup> "*As he says to the Prince, 'Those States are some.'*"

The word "some" is frequently used in the same sense as the other purely American term, "considerable," which vaguely conveys the idea of "a great deal" or "a great many" more than the speaker would be bold enough to mention definitely. It serves rather to insinuate and leave to the hearer's assumed predilection for exaggeration, than to assert and incur the hazard of being discredited. The phrase "some pumpkins" is often employed to treat, in like manner, of subjects which are not vegetable by any means.

<sup>73</sup> "*And with angry language a trifle too slick.'*"

"Slick" implies ready, prompt, quick.

<sup>74</sup> "*'But 't will pass and be gone again quicker 'an 's cat.'*"

"'S cat" is an expression used in the Eastern States to drive a cat from a parlor, out of a garden, or off other prohibited ground; and "quicker 'an 's cat" denotes haste even greater than ('an) that displayed by the feline animal when the verbal missile above cited is hurled at it.

<sup>75</sup> "*'Let all who oppose them stand well from under.'*"

The adjuration to "stand from under" is a popular form of advertisement that something slightly astonishing is about to occur.

<sup>76</sup> "*'May God bless and preserve thee, thou Union of States!'*"

In the present unhappy position of public affairs in this country, it might seem that this prayer of the good Duke has not been heard by the Being with whose Holy Name these few pages of humor are made reverently

to conclude. But the author begs the reader to remember that all things may not, in reality, be so bad as they seem. His faith is strong in the Union; and he sincerely believes that the universal love with which it was regarded by all Americans but a brief time gone by, "is not dead, but sleepeth." The Union is now undergoing the last and most severe test to which it is likely ever to be put. To hope that it will emerge successfully from the trial, is to hope what all men who love peace and cherish national prosperity earnestly desire; to believe that it will come out of the struggle stronger and more enduring than before, is only to believe in the mercy of Our Father who is in heaven, and in the wisdom and moderation of Americans in every section of the country.



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NOTICE.

DE CORDOVA'S humorous Poem,

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